CLAY'S DENIAL.

From the Kentucky Reporter, July 4.

TO THE PUBLIC.

On my arrival at Wheeling, on the 23d instant, I was informed that Mr. Carter Beverly, then at that place, had received the preceding night by mail, a letter from Gen. Jackson, which he had exhibited to several persons, and left with my friend Colonel Noah Zane, for my perusal, and which I was told formed a subject of general conversation, and produced much excitement in the town. The Captain of the Reindeer having kindly detained his steamboat for my accommodation, and as I was unwilling longer to delay his departure, I had only time to obtain a hasty, but I believe a correct copy of the letter, and I now seize the first moment, after my arrival at home, to present it to the public, together with a copy of the letter addressed by Mr Beverly to Col. Zane.

I purposely forbear at this time, to make several comments which these documents authorise, and confine myself to a notice of the charges which Gen. Jackson has brought forward in his letter.

These charges are, 1st. That my friends in Congress, early in January, 1825, proposed to him that, if he would say, or permit any of his confidential friends to say, that in case he was elected President, Mr. Adams should not be continued Secretary of State, by a complete union of myself and my friends, we would put an end to the presidential contest in an hour; and 2dly. That the above proposal was made to General Jackson, through a disinterested member of congress, of high standing, *with my privity and consent.*

To the latter charge I oppose a direct, unqualified, and indignant denial. I neither made, nor authorised, nor knew of any proposition whatever to either of the three candidates who were returned to the house of representatives at the last presidential election, or to the friends of either of them, for the purpose of influencing the result of the election, or for any other purpose. And all allegations, intimations, and insinuendoes, that my vote, on that occasion, was offered to be given, or was in fact given, in consideration of any stipulation or understanding, express or implied, direct or indirect, written or verbal, that I was, or that any other person was not, to be appointed Secretary of State, or that I was, in any other manner, to be personally benefitted, are devoid of all truth, and destitute of any foundation whatever. And I firmly and solemnly believe that the first of the two above mentioned charges is alike untrue and groundless. But if (contrary to my full belief) my friends or any of them, made any such proposition or offer, as is asserted in the first charge, it was without my knowledge and without my authority.

The letter of Gen. Jackson insinuates, rather than directly makes the further charge, that an arrangement was proposed and made between Mr. Adams' friends and mine, by which, in the event of his election I was to be appointed Secretary of State. I pronounce that charge also, as far as I know or believe, to be untrue and without the least foundation.

General Jackson having at last voluntarily placed himself in the attitude of my public accuser, we are now fairly at issue. I rejoice that a specific accusation by a responsible accuser has appeared, though at the distance of near two years and a half since the charge was first put forth through Mr. George Kremer. It will be universally admitted, that the accusation is of the most serious nature. Hardly any more atrocious could be preferred against a representative of the people in his official character. The charge in substance is, that deliberate "propositions of bargain" were made by my congressional friends collectively, through an authorised and distinguished member of congress, to Gen Jackson; that their object was, by these "means of bargain and corruption," to exclude Mr. Adams from the department of state, or to secure my promotion to office: and that I was privy and assented to those propositions and to the employment of those means.

Such being the accusation and the prosecutor, and the issue between us, I have now a right to expect that he will substantiate his charges by the exhibition of satisfactory evidence. In that event, there is no punishment which could exceed the measure of my offence. In the opposite event, what ought to be the judgment of the American public, is cheerfully submitted to their wisdom and justice.

H. CLAY.

Lexington, 29th June, 1827.

Public dinners were given to Henry Clay, at Washington, Pa. and at Steubenville, Ohio.

Many distressing accidents occurred in different parts of the Union, in celebrating the anniversary of our National Independence. In Bath, in Steuben county, N. Y. a young man by the name of Morgan, had both his arms shot off, and his body mangled in a shocking manner. An artillery company, to which he belonged, was firing a six pounder, and he rushed before the gun to ram down more wadding, at the moment the match was applied to the priming. He was intoxicated at the time. No hopes were entertained of his recovery. The same day, at Glen's Fall's, in New York, three men were injured for life by the premature discharge of a field piece. One man had both his arms torn off, and subsequently died; one of the arms of another was shot off, and the man who attended at the vent had all the fingers of his hand torn off. At Schaghticoke, N.Y. on the same day, owing to a similar accident, one man had a part of his breast blown off with little prospect of recovery; and another individual received a serious injury. At the celebration at Germantown on the Fourth of July, a Mr. Buddey lost his hand. This accident, we understand, was occasioned by attempting to fire off a cannon a number of times in quick succession, whereby the piece became so heated that the man who had his finger on the touch hole was obliged to remove it. The explosion took place as soon as the atmospheric air came in contact with the heated powder.

From the same cause, on the same day, at Chillicothe, a young man, named Robert Dolbee, lost his right arm.

On the same day, in Buffalo, two men were severely injured, from the same cause. Each lost a hand.

Several deaths by lightning have occurred this season, and it appears to us a greater number than usual. The Delaware Watchman gives an account of the death of a young man of the name of Deisenbacher, who was instantly killed in a hay field, while letting down the bars, and a Connecticut paper notices the death of Henry Miller, a lad of about seventeen. He was at work in the field when the storm came on, and took shelter under a tree that was struck.

By a late arrival from Liverpool, we learn that Don Louis de Onis, who was formerly for many years Minister of Spain to the U. States, and lately Ambassador to Naples under the Constitutional Government, had departed this life at Naples. *Nat. Int.*

NEW YORK, July 18.

FROM ENGLAND.

On the 1st June, Mr. Canning, as Chancellor of the Exchequer, brought forward his budget, which he explained in a clear and business like speech. The deficiency in the income for the year is about two millions sterling, or nine millions of dollars—a sum nearly equal to our whole ordinary annual expenditure, (not including redemption of debt and payment of interest.) This deficiency Mr. Canning proposes to remedy, by an issue of Exchequer bills, rather than by a new loan. It seems that the Exchequer bill of £100, bearing an interest of only 3 per cent. is at a premium in the market of 50s. or 2½ per cent.

U. S's Weekly Messenger, referring to Mr. Canning's speech, says:

This is his first appearance as a Finance Minister, and, if not brilliant, it was, at least, respectable. A subject so dry as figures, affords few opportunities for merriment—there is no jesting with the national accounts. The debt still adheres to us, and is felt in all its incumbering weight and galling pressure upon the springs of our industry, and the scantiness of our means, and cannot be displaced or lightened one atom of its burden by tropes of rhetorick, or sallies of pleasantry.

With respect to the budget itself, it is clear, frank, and unpretending; and this, we think, is its greatest merit. It is not the gaudy daub which was annually exhibited by the late Chancellor of the Exchequer; flaunting in prostitute robes and false colors, and deceiving and deluding the nation with a gay and hollow show of prosperity. Mr Canning far surpasses most of his predecessors in real talent, as he excels them in the plainness and simplicity which would scorn to exhibit our national account in any other manner than a sworn witness, giving evidence in a Court of Justice.

The opposition in both Houses seems to be losing ground. In the Lords, the Earl of Winchelsea withdrew his notice of a motion to bring before Parliament the views and principles of Ministers.

The Duke of York's cook has been in great distress for the loss of his master, and does not know how he will do without him. In the place he has gone to.

Letters from Constantinople, of the 6th May state that the Turks were making great preparations for war, and would not listen to the European demands in favor of Greece. The reports of a pacific arrangement came by the way of Odessa, and were of old date.

Portugal.—It is stated in some of the English papers, it is said, on good authority, that a negotiation had been going on for the evacuation of Spain by the French troops, and of Portugal by the British, but was broken off by the refusal of the French to quit Spain.—This must lead to the augmentation of the British troops in Portugal, or the fate of that kingdom must be left to the decision of the French and Spanish armies. All the late accounts seem to agree in representing the affairs of Portugal in a melancholy light.

Ireland.—Much distress continues to prevail among the poor Irish. Seven bags of flour were taken from the carts passing in the road, near Dublin, by a party of half starved wretches, consisting of about 30 men and 70 women and children. The bags were immediately ripped open, and the women and children filled their aprons and hats. Some of the children began to eat it most ravenously. The Morning Chronicle says, if it were not for the steamboats which convey the Irish to England, typhus fever, and diseases caused by want of food, would soon do the business of the plague among that unfortunate people. *Aurora.*

Desperate Pirate.—The following is an extract of a letter from an officer now stationed in the Persian Gulf, to Lieut. General Sir W. Kier Grant, of the Crescent, in Bath. It is dated Jan. 15, 1827.

"You will doubtless recollect Ramak bin Jauber, the most notorious pirate in the Gulf, whom we saw at Busire.—His place was called Damon; he was constantly quarrelling with some one, and kept the whole Gulf unsettled.—The people of Bharein having sent a fleet to blockade Damon, Ramak got into a well equipped vessel and went all round the Gulf to try to interest some of the tribes in his behalf, but not being able to find any friends, he returned, and having communicated with his son in the garrison, ran alongside of the vessel in which the Saack of Bahrein's nephew was. They fought desperately for some time, when the Bharein chief drew off his fleet, to get reinforcements of men. He then told the rest of his vessels to keep off and not interfere, as Ramak and he would fight it out. They again grappled and fought for some time. Ramak finding that his men were falling fast, told them that there was no hope of success, and that he was about to blow them all up. Maimed from hurts in a former fight, (you will recollect that he lost three inches of the bone and yet retained his arm,) and blind, he was led to the magazine, with a lighted torch—fired it, and the whole vessel was blown to atoms, not a distinguishing remnant being left of Ramak bin Jauber, and only one of his crew remained. The Bharein vessel blew up likewise, but several of its crew were saved. The official report estimates the number killed at not less than two hundred."

LATEST FROM COLOMBIA.

NEW-YORK, July 15.

We have been favored with a copy of the "*Reconciliator, Extra,*" of July 20th—the title of a newspaper printed at Caraccas. It contains a letter from Vice President Santander, dated at Bogota, April 30th, to the Liberator, urging his immediate return to the Capital, for the purpose of resuming the Executive duties, and of allaying the difficulties that exist. This is followed by a reply of Mr. Revenga, Secretary of State, dated Caracas, June 19, informing the Vice President that the Liberator will, with all possible expedition, set out for the seat of Government, &c. The remainder of the paper is occupied by a Proclamation of Bolivar, of which the following is a hasty translation:

Proclamation of Simon Bolivar, Liberator, President, &c

Colombians! Your enemies are threatening destruction to Colombia—it is my duty to save it. Fourteen successive years have found me at your head by the unanimous voice of the People. During all the periods in which glory and prosperity have fallen to the Republic, I have renounced the supreme command in the purest sincerity. I have no stronger wish than to avoid being the instrument of tyranny, which I abhor more than ignominy itself. But ought I to abandon you in the hour of danger? Would this be the conduct of a citizen and a soldier. No, Colombians, I am resolved to face it all, in order that Anarchy may not usurp the place of Liberty, and rebellion that of the Constitution. As a Citizen, as Liberator, as President, my duty involves the glorious necessity of sacrificing myself for you. I will march, then, to the Southern confines of the Republic, to expose my life and my glory, to liberate you from the perfidious wretches, who, after having trampled on their most sacred duties, have raised the standard of treason, to invade the most loyal departments, and those most worthy of our protection.

Colombians! The will of the nation is opposed by the many *pretors* who have taken upon themselves to dictate the law to the sovereign people whom they ought to obey. They have arrogated to themselves the supreme right of the nation; they have violated all principles—in fine, the troops which once were Colombians, the Allies of Peru, have returned to their country to establish a new and extraordinary government on the ruins of the Republic, which they outrage with more insolence than our old oppressors.

Colombians!—I appeal to your glory and your patriotism. Rally round the national standard, which has waived in triumph from the mouth of the Oronoko to the summit of the Potosi. Love it, and the nation will preserve its Liberty.

The cry of Colombia is for the great Convention. It is her most urgent want. Congress will, doubtless, convoke it. And in the hands of Congress will I place the staff and sword which the Republic has entrusted to me, both as Constitutional President and Supreme Extraordinary Chief, constituted by the People. I will not deceive the hopes of the country. You have acquired liberty, glory, and laws, against your former enemies. Liberty, glory, and law, will we preserve in spite of atrocious anarchy.

Head Quarters, Caracas, 19th June, 1827—Independence 17th.

BOLIVAR.

Intemperance.—Hugh King, a soldier, was executed at St. Louis, on the 27th May, for the murder of Martin Green. At the place of execution, he delivered a neat speech, and among other admonitory remarks, are the following:

"I can trace most of my overt acts of wickedness to intemperance. The influence of ardent spirits has been to destroy my reason, for the time being.—I often had a faint, and sometimes no recollection, of things that transpired when I was partially intoxicated. I have no recollection of killing Sergeant Green, nor of firing a gun that day, nor of many things which are said to have transpired about that time. I had been for several days most of the time under the influence of liquor.—Yet, I do not plead this as any justification of my crime. From the testimony of others, I can have no doubt that I shot Green, though I never harbored ill will against him. According to the laws of God and my country, I have forfeited my life."

The following article taken from the Fredericksburg "Political Arena" presents a detail of cruelty, the mere perusal of which makes us shudder.—What is here related and vouched for as reality, surpasses in enormity those tales of horror which we have heretofore regarded as the fiction of distempered imagination, and not coming within the scope of human wickedness. It is painful in the extreme to be convinced that human nature is capable of committing such fiendlike atrocity.

From the Fredericksburg Arena.

We have another prime horror, with which to regale our readers—& would to Heaven the details of the transaction were matter of question. But, alas! for human nature, they are established by the decision of a court of justice, and of the truth of the story, there can be no possible doubt. We heard the particulars sometime since, from a highly respectable and meritorious officer of the U. S. Navy, who was at the time on the coast of Cuba, and we have now before us a letter confirming the story of our friend, from another gentleman of the Navy, who was in Havanna at the time the affair transpired. From our recollection of the statement of our friend, as well as from the letter, we shall present to our readers a brief account of the heart sickening story.

In the summer of 1824, several of the citizens of Havana missed many of their little children, and the impression was general that they had been kidnapped, and sent to the plantations in the interior. The attention of the police was called to the subject, but the vigilance of the constituted authorities was not able to effect a discovery.

A little negro girl was sent by her mistress to a cook shop, at which were sold meat pies, sausages, &c. remarkable for their delicacy. The shop had a rival in the city—it was patronized by all classes of people—from the governor down to the soldier.

The alarm was given on finding the little girl did not return in due time—she was traced to the shop alluded to—and some gentlemen who had seen her enter deposed that she had not come out. A guard was ordered to search the shop, and hopes were entertained that a nest of kidnappers would be discovered. In searching the house, a trap door was found, through which the party descended into a long and gloomy vault, strewed with human bones. In this subterranean Golgotha, a miserable old negro was discovered chained to a post, and employed in chopping with cleavers the flesh of the unfortunate girl, preparatory to its being served up in the pastry, which had acquired for the shop so distinguished a reputation. The old man stated, that he had been confined, and thus employed for 3 years, in which time many of his fellow creatures had passed through his hands. The shopkeepers were immediately arrested, tried, and four of them executed—a fifth being condemned to perpetual imprisonment.

☞ The following SUBLIME toast was drunk at Reading, Pa. on the 4th:

E. H. Hawk. To the Fair Sex. Man's consolation in the hour of anxiety, and decoration of the human race, whose smiles are as luscious as nectar, and emphasis melodiously bewitching as the harmony of Orpheus, may chastity and veracity be their ocular demonstration; and may they never be assumptioned egress by the pomp of glittering superficialities!!!!!!!!!!

JOHN BUCKLER, M. D. adjunct Professor of Anatomy in the University of Maryland, has been unanimously elected to the Professorship of Surgery in that Institution, vacated by the resignation of Granville Sharp Pattison, Esq.

THE SOUVENIR,

Embellished with splendid Quarto Engravings.

THIS work is intended as an agreeable and instructive companion for the parlor, and an appropriate attendant at the Toilet—to be issued every Wednesday, which commenced on the first Wednesday of July inst.

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PHILIP PRICE, Jr.

Philadelphia.

☞ Subscriptions received at this Office.

TO MY CREDITORS.

TAKE NOTICE, that I have applied to the Judges of the Court of Common Pleas of Adams county, for the benefit of the Insolvent Laws—and they have appointed *Monday the 27th of August next* for hearing me and my Creditors, at the Court-house in the borough of Gettysburg.

Samuel Huick.

July 24

The Parterre.

"UTILE—DULCE."

From the Montreal Courant.

WOMAN, BESIDE THE BED OF SICKNESS.

"When pain and anguish wring the brow,
Woman, a min'string angel thou!

Woman, dear woman, in thy magic name
There is a charm which wakens ev'ry thought,
Hallow'd and pure as is the sacred flame
That burns on vestal altars,—there is nought
In this dull round of being but were tame
Without thee, tho' with richest splendor fraught,
And dark, unwrapt in all thy charmful dreaming,
Star of our souls, forever o'er them beaming!

Gift of the Godhead,—when we gaze upon
Thy mantling beauty, purity and love,
The swelling soul bows to th' Almighty one,
Who form'd thee in thine excellence above,
Chief of his works that brighten 'neath the Sun,
Whose glory lights the world in which we move,
Framed in the skies, boon of celestial birth,
Last and most precious to the sons of earth.

And I have worshipp'd in the joy-lit halls
Where smiling pleasure holds her specious sway,
And the gay dream the beating senses thralls,
Till ev'ry better feeling melts away
Before the fire whose burning fervor never fails
To blight the soul with its deep scorching ray,
Yet there, ev'n there, thy blandishments hath been
The only spell to hallow such a scene.

Yet ah, 'tis not amid the bounding train
That tread the mazes of the festive dance,
And throng the porch of Fashion's sparkling fane,
To gaze—to madden in the thrilling glance,
No,—'side the couch of sickness and of pain
Thou wear'st the look which angels would entrance,
Did they not deem that such a heav'n-born gem
As thou art there, holds equal rank with them.

Yes,—it is there to see thee soothe the brow
Where fever'd anguish works its best for death,
And the faint sufferer, with a smile that now
Speaks all the thanks that mock his gasping breath,
Feels it is sweet ev'n thus to die, when thou
Art near in all thy tenderness and faith,
To catch the gleam of life's last parting ray,
Ere the freed soul speeds on its darkling way.

To see thee bind the bruis'd and bleeding heart,
And dry the widow and the orphan's tear,
Pouring thy balming pity o'er each smart
Thy kindness is assuaging—and to cheer
With those sweet tones, whose music must impart
The consolation of a happier sphere,
While man, proud man, looks on thee but to bless,
And mourn his own dark nature's worthlessness.

WAVERLY.

The following is the concluding part of a very eloquent description, from Blackwood's Magazine, of "Logan Braes," and its inmates.—The writer gives the different characters of the two brothers, Laurence and Willie Logan: the former a perfect hero in strength and stature, encountering every danger, leading every adventure, shunning nothing of the "bold and daring"; the latter sickly from youth, and delicate in the extreme, known all around by the name of "Wee wise Willie," for "all sorts of scholarship, he mastered as if by intuition": he took no part in the rustic plays of his companions, from the tenderness of his frame, tho' always with them—but seemed "sunk away among the visions of his own thoughts." "He loved all, as by them all he was more than beloved." The writer says,

"How many hundred times have we formed a circle round him in the gloaming, all sitting or lying on the green sward, before the dews had begun to descend, listening to his stories of holy and heroic men and women who had been greatly good and glorious in the days of old. Not unendeared to his imagination were the patriots, who living and dying loved the liberties of their country; Tell, Bruce, or Wallace; he, in whose immortal name a thousand rocks rejoice, while many a wood bears it on its summits, as they are swinging to the storm. Weak as a reed that is shaken in the wind, or the stalk of a flower that tremblingly sustains its own fresh blossoms beneath the dew that feeds their transitory lustre, was he whose lips were so eloquent to read the eulogies of mighty men of war riding mailed through bloody battles. What matters it that this frame of dust be faint, frail, fading, and of tiny size; still may it be the tenement of a lordly spirit! But high as such warfare was, it satisfied not that wonderful child; for other warfare there was to read of, which was to him a far deeper and a more divine delight; the warfare waged by good men against the legions of sin, and closed triumphant in the eye of God—let this world deem as it will; on obscurest death beds, or at the stake, or on the scaffold, where a profounder even than Sabbath silence glorifies the martyr far beyond a shout that, from the immense multitude, would have torn the concave of the heavens!"

Then follows the vivid description of the adventure we have particular reference to.

"Fancy to yourself, gentle reader, the hideous mouth of an old coal-pit, that had not been worked for time immemorial, overgrown with thorns, and briars, and brackens, but still visible from a small mount above it, for some yards down its throat—the very throat of death and perdition. But can you fancy also the childish and superstitious terror with which we all regarded that coal pit, for it was said to be a hundred fathoms deep—with water at the bottom—so that you had to wait for many moments—almost a minute—before you heard a stone first beating against its sides—from one to the other—plunge at last into the pool profound. In that very field, too, a murder had been perpetrated, and the woman's corpse flung by her sweetheart into that coal-pit.

One day some unaccountable impulse had led a band of us into that interdicted field—which I remember was not arable—but said to be a place where a hare was always sure to be found sitting among the binweeds and thistles. A sort of thrilling horror urged us on closer and closer, to the mouth of the pit—when Willie Logan's foot slipping on the brae, he bounded with inexplicable force in among the thorns, briers, and brackens, thro' the whole hanging mat, and without a shriek, down—down—into destruction. We all saw it happen, every one of us, and it is scarcely too much to say, that we were for a while all mad with distraction. Yet we felt ourselves borne back instinctively from the horrible grave—and as aid we could give none, unless God had granted to our prayers an angel's wings—we listened if we could hear any cry, but there was none—and we all flew together out of the dreadful field, and again collecting ourselves together, feared to separate on the different roads to our homes. "Oh! can it be that our Wee Wise Willie has this moment died sic a death—and no a single ane amang us a greetin' for his sake?" said one of us aloud; and then indeed did we burst out into rueful sobbing, and ask one another who could carry such tidings to Logan braes. All at once we heard a clear, rich, mellow whistle—as of a blackbird—and there, with his favorite colley, searching for a stray lamb among the knolls, was Laurie Logan, who hailed us with a laughing voice, and then asked us, "Where is Wee Willie?—hae you flung him like another Joseph into the pit?" The consternation of our faces could not be misunderstood—whether we told him or not what had happened I do not know, but he staggered as if he would have fallen down, and then ran off with an amazing speed, not towards Logan Braes, but the village. We continued in a helpless horror to wander about back and forwards along the edge of a wood, when we beheld a multitude of people rapidly advancing, and in a few minutes they surrounded the mouth of the pit. It was about the very end of hay harvest, and a great many ropes that had been employed that very day in the leading of the hay of the land lord of the Inn, who was also an extensive farmer, were tied together to the depth of at least fifty fathom. Hope was quite dead—but her work is often done by Despair. For a while great confusion prevailed all round the pit mouth, but with a white fixed face and glaring eyes, Laurie Logan advanced to the very brink, with the rope bound in many firm folds around him, and immediately behind him stood his grey headed father unbonnetted, just as he had risen from a prayer. "Is't my ain father that's gaun to help me to gang doon to bring up Willie's body—Oh! merciful God, what a judgment is this! Father—father—Oh! lie down at some distance awa' frae the sight o' this place. Robin Alison and Gabriel Strong, and John Borland will hold the ropes firm and safe. O! father, lie down, a bit apart frae the crowd, and have mercy upon him—O! thou great God, have mercy upon him!" But the only one that now survived to him disappeared within the jaws of the same murderous pit, and was lowered slowly down nearer and nearer to his little brother's corpse. They had spoken to him of foul air, of which to breathe is death; but he had taken his resolution, and not another word had been said to shake it. And now, for a short time, there was no weight at the line, except that of its own length. It was plain, that he had reached the bottom of the pit. Silent was all that congregation, as if assembled in divine worship! Again, there was a weight at the rope, and in a minute or two, a voice was heard far down the pit that spread a sort of wild hope—else, why should it have spoken at all—and lo! the child, not like one of the dead, clasped in the arms of his brother, who was all covered with dust and blood. "Fall all down on your knees—in the face o' heaven, and sing praises to God, for my brother is yet alive!" And, as if with one heart, the congregation sang aloud,

"All people that on earth do dwell,
Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice,
Him serve with mirth, his praise forth tell,
Come ye before him and rejoice," &c.

But during that Psalm, father, mother, and both their sons—the rescuer & the rescued—and their sweet cousin, Annie Raeburn, the orphan, were lying embraced in speechless—almost senseless trances; for the agony of such a deliverance was more than could well by mortal creatures be endured.

The child himself was the first to tell how his life had been miraculously saved. A few shrubs had been for many years been growing out of the inside of the pit, almost as far down as the light could reach, and among them had he been entangled in his descent, and held fast. For days, and weeks, and months after that deliverance, few persons visited Logan Braes, for it was thought that old Laurence's brain had received a shock from which it might never recover; but the trouble that tried him subsided, and the inside of the house was again quiet as before, and its hospitable door open to all the neighbors."

From "Bell's Life in London."

THE FIRST OF APRIL.

Sir—As I know many of your readers "love fun," in the hopes that I may contribute to the frolics of the day, and afford some useful hints to the admirers of practical jokes, I send you a short sketch of my own sport on the first of April last:—

Got up early, and placed a large basin of cold water close to my wife's side of the bed, laid down on the hearth rug, and screamed ten thousand murders. Poor Betsey seeing me, as she thought, in dreadful agony, jumped out to my assistance, when popping both her feet into the basin in her alarm, she overturned the unexpected bath, slipped on her back, and was completely soused. Scrambled up laughing, and ran out crying "April fool." Rushed up stairs, told her her mistress was in a fit, and desired her to go to her assistance. Down ran cooky, *en chemise*, and rushing into the room, received the empty basin full in her face, intended as the "retort corteous" for me.—Her nose was split, the basin broke, and I had to pay the doctor's bill; but then I had my joke. Went into the parlor, and seeing my brother's boots at the fire, dropped an egg in each. Was delighted to see him crack them both, and draw out his feet covered with the yolk. Laughed heartily, and exclaimed, "April fool." Threw his boot at my head, but ducking, the iron heel smashed a pier glass. "Who's the fool," cries Jem. Heated the handle of the poker and told Molly to stir the fire. In ecstacies, at seeing her drop it with about four inches of the skin off her fingers. Unfortunately it fell on a valuable china plate filled with toast—the former was broken and the latter spoiled, but then it was the first of April. Looked demure when my wife came to breakfast. Said nothing, but thought it was very bad. Took another cup and complained, when Betsey consoled me by observing that it was the first of April, and she thought a little *physic* would do me good. Didn't relish such jokes. Heard an old Irish woman crying *mackerel*—called on her several times. Highly amused to see her turn round and scream "coming." Twigged me at last, and [illegible] her pattern at the window, to the detriment of two squares. Wrote a note to Alderman Gobble to dine with his friend Thompson, who I knew was in the country. Gobble took the bait, but unfortunately, finding Thompson abroad, he just "dropped in" upon me at dinner time, and nearly devoured a whole dish of smelts, which I had got as a treat for myself and [illegible]. Met Mrs. Williams. Asked if she had heard of her son's accident. "Good God! no," said she in great alarm—"what is it?" "He has broke——" "Broke what? in the name of heaven," she shrieked with increasing alarm. "His walking stick," said I, and [illegible] on in a roar of laugh[illegible] not noticing where I was going, stepped into a milk pail to the great injury of my black stockings, as well as to the annoyance of the vender, who called me all the fools she could lay her tongue to. Went into Baston's, called for a basin of soup; drank it; emptied the ink bottles into the basin, then asked the waiter how he could bring me such stuff. He begged pardon, and I left him to find out his mistake. Sent my son with a bottle to Apothecaries' Hall for sixpenny worth of pigeon's milk. Came back in half an hour, and said they had none made. "Where's the sixpence?" said I, "I spent it in oranges," said the young rogue, and had the grin of me.

Brushed into my neighbor's, and told him I was sure there was a fire in the house. Dreadfully alarmed, he ran into every room on the premises, but returned with an assurance that I was mistaken. Called him "April fool," and bid him look in the kitchen. Sent Molly to Spital square to see a master silk weaver roasted. Came back in a hurry, and said he was only "in a stew." Vexed with Alderman Gobble about the smelts. Asked him to take a glass of Madeira, and accidentally, on purpose, poured him out a glass of vinegar. Burst into a snort of laughter to see his wry face. My own wine went the wrong way, and I was nearly choaked. Filled a blind nut with Cayenne pepper, and gave it my wife to crack. Had her a second time. I thought she would have spit out her eye teeth in getting rid of its effects. Knew my brother was going out to an evening party, and had soaped the soals of his shoes. Was delighted to hear him come hump down on his crupper over head. Went up to have my laugh, and found him crying with a sprained ancle. Run down to send for a doctor, but nobody would go, believing I only meant to make them "April fools." Went myself, and came back with Dr. Bolus. Found a cat tied by the tail to the knocker, kicking up a precious clatter. Could'nt go near for fear of my eyes. At last, she worked the skin off her tail, and bolted.—Cook opened the door, all consternation. Scrambled up stairs to my brother's room, with Bolus at my heels, but he was not there. Came running down again; trod on some peas which my son Jack had placed to overturn the maids, was launched forward like a seventy-four, and rose majestically with all the skin off my back. Limped into the drawing room, and found my brother had only been gammoning. Made a virtue of necessity, and laughed with tears in my eyes, and pains in my bones. Not yet done.—Sent cook to the linen-drapers for two yards of ell-wide pack-thread. Came back and said, "they an't got none so narrow." Had another hearty laugh; but changed my tone on old dripping coming back and saying she had left the door ajar while she was gone for the ell-wide pack-thread, and some fool or other had walked off with my great coat, and Alderman Gobble's hat. No such fool either, thought I. Wanted to get rid of Gobble, and told Jack to tell Tom to get some one to come and say that his mother was dead. The news came, but Gobble took it very easy, "I know it," said he, "for I was at her funeral when I was fourteen—No go," and he had the smile in his favor. Determined to be even with him, and after supper filled the kettle with gin, and put a bottle of the same on the table. Swore it was fine strong spirit, and tried in vain to weaken it with water from the kettle. Got blind drunk, played the devil with the Turkey carpet, and I was obliged to send him home in a coach. Slipped slyly up stairs, while my wife was gone to see all right in the kitchen, and made "apple pie" with the sheet by turning it up half way with the tail towards the head.—Thought I should have died of laughing to see her getting in. Called me an old booby, and got out to make the bed again—Put out the candle and got in myself, but found, to my great dismay, that there were two sorts of bed pies, for Betty had actually placed a large dish of hare pies under the clothes, into which I jumped, but was very well content, in the end, to find it was nothing worse. Yours, &c.

AN OLD JOKER.

A Scene in the Sandwich Islands.—August 5.—This morning I went to C[illegible], intending to purchase some goats. I expected to find him, as usual, either sleeping, or smoking, or drinking, or busy [illegible] himself. The door of his [illegible] was half open, and I was about to enter unceremoniously, when a scene [illegible] never to be forgotten, and which would require the hand of a master [illegible] to do it justice, suddenly arrested my whole attention. About a dozen natives of both sexes were seated in a circle, on the matted floor of the apartment, and in the midst of them sat John Hororre, the Otaheitean cate[illegible] [illegible] These [illegible] are converted natives, who are appointed to impart to their less enlightened brethren the instruction they have themselves received.) All eyes were bent upon him; and the variously expressive features of each individual marked the degree of interest excited by what was passing in his mind. So absorbed, indeed, were they in their reflections, that my abrupt appearance at the door created for some time neither interruption nor remark. The speaker held in his hand the Gospel of St. John, as published at Otaheite; and was endeavoring by signs and familiar illustrations, to render its contents easy of comprehension. His simple and energetic manner added weight to his opinions, and proved that he spoke from personal conviction the sincere and unpremeditated language of the heart. The chief himself stood in the back-ground a little apart from the rest, leaning upon the shoulder of an attendant. A gleam of light suddenly fell upon his countenance, and disclosed features, on which wonder, anxiety, and seriousness were imprinted in the strongest characters. He wore no other dress than the *moro* round the waist; but his tall athletic form and bust seen bending over the other's shoulders, and dignified demeanor, marked at one glance his rank and superiority over all around. One hand was raised instinctively to his head in a pensive attitude. His knitted brows bespoke intense thought; and his piercing black eyes were fixed upon the speaker with an inquiring, penetrating look, as much as to say,—"Can what you tell us be really true?" I gazed for some minutes with mute astonishment, turning my regards from one to the other, and dreading to intrude upon the privacy of persons whose time was so usefully employed. At last the chief turned round and motioned with his hand, in a dignified manner, for me to withdraw. I did so; but carried away in my heart the remembrance of a scene to which the place, the people, and the occasion united in attaching a peculiar interest.

Mathison's Travels.

Cologne water.—Our female readers, who are disposed to practice a little domestic economy, will find the following preparation of Cologne water, a very cheap substitute for the Cologne water of the shops, for which they pay three or four hundred per cent. more than the cost of this. The principal ingredient is worth one dollar per gallon at retail by the druggists, and the perfumery costs but very little. To 1 pint of Alcohol add 60 drops of Lavender, 60 do Bergamot, 60 do. Essence of Lemon, 50 do. Orange water. To one gallon of Alcahol put 480 drops of each of the perfumes. *Balt. Am.*

Oranges flourish abundantly in Florida; 1,500,000 are gathered yearly at St. Augustine. The lemon, citron, oil and olive trees thrive equally well.

AN APPRENTICE
TO THE
Printing Business,
Will be taken at this Office.
July 17.

FOR SALE,
THE TERM OF A
Colored Girl,
THAT has to serve until she is twenty eight years old. She is now between thirteen and fourteen.—For particulars, enquire of
THE PRINTER.
July 17. 3t

To my Creditors.
TAKE Notice that I have applied to the Judges of the Court of Common Pleas of Adams county, for the benefit of the Insolvent Laws of this Commonwealth—and they have appointed *Monday the 27th day of August next*, for the hearing of me and my Creditors at the Court house in the borough of Gettysburg.
Thomas M'Kellip.
July 17. 3t
[illegible] The editors of the "[illegible] Times," New Berlin, Pa. and the "[illegible] Chronicle," Bal[illegible], will insert the above 3 times, forward the papers containing the same, and charge [illegible].

TO MY CREDITORS.
TAKE NOTICE, that I have applied to the Judges of the Court of Common Pleas of Adams County, for the benefit of the Insolvent Laws—and they have appointed *Monday the* [illegible] *of August next*, for hearing me and my Creditors at the Court-house in the borough of Gettysburg.
Robert Taylor.
Franklin township, July 17. 3t

BLANKS
FOR SALE AT THIS OFFICE.